DARLING.

The author of the following beautiful poem naknown. It is one of the sweetest gens ev-published in the English language.—G. F. A.] published in the English language.—C.

A little maid with sweet blue eyes
Looked upward with a shy surprise
Beause I asked her name;
Awhile she bent her golden head,
While o'er her face soft blushes spread
Like some swift rosy flame;
Then looking up, she softly said,
"My name is Mamma's Darling."

"Tell me your mother's name, my dear,"
And stooping low I paused to hear—
The little maid seemed musing;
"Why, mamma's name's like mine, you know,
But just because we love her so,
We call her Mamma Darling."

"Tell me your pape's name," I cried;; The little maiden's eyes grew wide; "My papa? Don't you know? Why, ever since the baby died

"What did you call the baby, dear?"
The answer came quite low but clear:
"The baby—oh, I wonder what
They call him now in heaven;
But we had only one name hore,
And that was Baby Darling."

Ewift years flew by, and once again
That little maid so tender
Stood by my side, but she had grown
Idde Hifes, tall and slender;
This time twas I that called her name
And swift the blushes grew like flame At rosy mist of morning; I cheeped her in my arms and kissed

A Story of Early Colonial Days.

BY CHARLES C. HAHN.

CHAPTER L A COLONIAL SETTLEMENT.

LL night long the the sweet trill of the New England nightingale. Toward day-break the vesper and the hair bird had taken up the song, and set their leafy homes ringing with their

voices.

The morning broke cool and exhibarating. All around the settlement circled the deep forest, so dense and luxuriant that the

sun never penetrated its deepest glades, nor entirely drove away the night from beneath its innermost trees, which interlaced branches to bar the intruder out. So thick was the forest that no grass, save here and there a solitary blade or cluster con-

farms of future generations. But the dainty blue violet and other wood flowers bloomed in their season, in scant profusion. Now, however, only the latest of summer's colors brightened the earth or perfumed the leafy arches with their fragrance. Instead, the ground was beginning to be covered with an irregular mosaic of dead and dying autumn leaves. The trees, too, were dis-playing the same diversity of color. As one looked down into the depths of the forest he could trace every shade of green and brown, with here and there a scarlet fringe. Here is all oak with leaves still green as spring, and farther on a distant cousin who is coming out in colors such as artists never hope to imitate with paint and brush; while standing side by side with this gay young gallant is a more unfortunate brother docmed to pass into his winter's sleep in dusky, ugly brown. The long feather-limbed elms and branching manles that have not yet been to by frost, protected, perhaps, by other trees, proclaim their respective family ind wave aloft their family colors of a lighter tint of green than the hard d oak; while those which have felt the first touches of winter's pioneersman are gracefully turning themselves into the more subdued of autumn colors, more delicate, if less gorgeous, than the color of the oak. Sometimes the poison ivy twines in and out among the branches of some friendly tree and mingles its bright redleaves with the green of its supporter. When the tree is brown, as perchance it may be, the brilliant colors peeping out from beneath or behind the more sober suit, reminds one of a gayly plumaged bird flirting its feathers within its cage or of a captive peering out from behind his

In Sagnauck also signs of autumn were visible, and the thrifty pioneers were fol lowing nature in their preparation for the long winter months. The gardens were being robbed of their spoils, and im-mense mounds marked the places where the crops of potatoes and turnips and apples had been covered with thick layers of straw and earth, to protect them from the severe New England cold.

Yellow ears of corn showed themselves through the lower chinks of the log granaries which before another month would be filled to the very brim. Bewide the kitchen doors lay golden heaps of mammoth pumpkins and long-necked quashes, which were being constantly diminished by the busy housewife and her daughters, who cut and hung them in long festoons from the kitchen rafters. Embryo woodpiles, which before another month would be heaped high as the house and again dwindle down to their present size by spring, marked each home. Shelter for cattle was being made more secure, and the pens were filled with hogs, which had nothing to do all day long but munch the yellow ears of corn and grow fat for Christmas killing.

Upon the inlets which had been cut from the settlement into the woods to let the waves of human work and life farther out, were rows of corn shocks, not unlike in appearance the Indian wigwams which a century before may have graced their very site. These little indentations of the forest, like so many arms reaching out from the town to reclaim the land and wrest it from the woody giants which held it for miles around, had been the result of five years of honest toil, of felling of trees and grabbing of roots, until now so much of the rich black carth had been reclaimed and was yielding an abundant harvest. This harvest the stury boys of the colony were attacking as though it were an Indian village to be ransacked, and, having laid the wigwams low, proceeded leisurely to separate them into piles of yellow ears and great heaps of fodder-the one sich winter food for the cattle; the former to be hauled to the mill by the creek and ground into meal for family ash-cakes, bread, and pud-

This mill, which was owned by the colony, was a picturesque building, had been brought from the mother country & pieces and set up here by Sagnauch Creek, which wound around the east and south of town. The pilgrims had done their best to make it prosaic, but by some unwritten law a mill is always picturesque, build it prim and straight as we will. The very rudeness in structure of Sagnauck mill added to its beauty Anything else than unplaned planks or riven boards for the roof would have been out of place among the trees which grew up to its very walls, and the leaves which beat a tattoo upon the roof with every wind that blew. A dam had been thrown across the creek just below the curve to the westward; banking up a deep pool, around which the willows grew, sweeping their long limbs over the surface and under which the boys passed

hours with hook and line. The water, held back by the dam of logs, rushed down tumultuously through the sluicegates, turned the great wheel which set the machine in motion, escaped and went on its way though the woods, a little angry with dam and wheel, but rather merry withal over its regained freedom All night long the woods had re-echoed the trill of the nightingale, and all day long the sound of the woodman's ax made

sweet music for the wives at Sagnauck.

Down deeper in the forest and farthest

from the settlement—so far, in fact, that the sound of his ax could but faintly be heard at the edge of the wood-the who had blazed the way and led the colonists to their new home was preparing his winter fuel on this autumn morning But no woman's heart would have quick ened its beat for a moment with thoughts of the chopper, had one heard the ring of his ax. or known it was his. For Mark Hillary was the black sheep of Sagnauck, and up to date had succeeded in acquiring for himself a reputation for roughness and, if not for crime, the near approach to it, which caused his respectable neighbors to look

upon him as little better than a heathen, if not worse. The minister said "worse," and in troth his conduct, and open ridicule of those institutions which our Puritan forefathers held most dear, gave ample reason for his low repute among them. With a strong will-power, aided by great physical strength, he had all his life spurned control and resented anything which savored of compulsion or restriction upon his rights or freedom of thought and action. Thus he had come at once in contact with church and state

Early in life Mark Hillary had crossed the ocean and lent his strength in building up the New England, hoping in her to find the freedom he had not secured in old England, so when he encountered the rigid laws of the Puritan government, which prescribed not only what he must believe and do, but what he must believe and think, his nature rebelled, and, being called to account once or twice for some careless remark concerning the Puritan faith, he abjured religion and took the position of open antagonism to the church. Then, being badgered by both church and state, both of which had been founded to allow freedom of belief, he became cynical and took care to spare no one, not even the Rev Henry Granville, if opportunity afforded a sharp

repartee. And yet a close observer must have been able to detect some good in the man. If he abjured his fellows, he at least found friends among the lower animals, and he was thoroughly at home in the and he was thoroughly at nome in the forest. His "place was in the front," he was wont to say, and, in time, he grew accustomed to add, "as far from the white man as possible." So, after a year in the settlement, he had built him a cabin in the woods, half a mile west, and rarely entered the village except on Sun-

day and lecture days.

No doubt this seclusion had much to do with the low repute he fell into, for the man who despises the smallness of his companions is rarely loved by those he esteems so poorly, especially if he takes no pains to conceal his opinion. But out there by himself he communed with nature in his rough way, was happy, and would have been a tolerably decent man had he been left alone. He knew every bird around his cabin, and watched over their nests as though they were his

own property.
"My village," he sometimes said to himself, "what more need have I of friends?"

He took genuine pleasure also in sitting at evening in his cabin door and watching the tall trees, straight and stiff in the calm summer, or bowing before the storm which now and then passed overhead. Once he was heard to speak to them as if they had been endowed with life, which speech, being carried to he minister, caused no little concern in the society, and was carefully filed away to be brought out at some later day, when chance should be given to force this heathen into conversion, or when his offenses had accumulated sufficiently to

give pretext for driving him away.
On this same morning at nine o'clock
the minister left his sermon unfinished upon his desk, and, with a very severe look upon his long, slim face, walked with quick, nervous step down the one street of Sagnauck. The Rev. Henry Granville was a tall

and well-built man, but his emsciated body, sunken, sallow cheeks, and the nervous twitch of his muscles as he rested, stood or walked, showed that his once strong constitution had been broken either by too lengthy sittings by the study lamp or by some secret trouble, which, commencing with the mind, had gradually spread through his body until the whole man had become its prey. The tall frame was now little more than a skeleton and he habitually bowed his head—not in self-depreciation, but through weakness and nervousness. The reverend gentleman would have found it a difficult task to have hidden from justice had be ever committed a crime. He was at all times and in all places Henry Granville, and could no more have changed his characteristics or concealed his peculiarities than the typical leopard could change his vari-colored skin. The minister was always recognized as far as he could be seen. His long black coat, which no one ever saw him without, unless it might be his wife, and rumor said that he even slept in it; the nervous twitching of his body, raising his shoulders and lowering his head; his long strides in walking-al these were familiar to each person, great or small, in the settlement, and never yet had he been able to appear at one end of the street but that Dame Prouty, who lived at the opposite extreme and was

near-sighted, had not recognized him, if she chanced to look his way. On this particular morning the minister was even more nervous than usual, and a deep cloud, portending severe displeasure from some cause or other, darkened his brow. And as he passed quickly down the street he scarcely raise his eyes from the ground to reply to the respectful salutations tendered him by those members of his flock whom he met But, hurrying on, he paused not for an instant until he entered the gate of the great house of the village, and, after a harp rap with the iron knocker, was admitted into the office of the pioneer

CHAPTER II.

THE TRIAL Pausing this morning in his work, Mark Hillary saw John Atlee, the colonial constable, approaching. Then leaning upon his ax-handle, he waited until the constable had stopped and bade him good-

morning, when, without paying any attention to the situation, he demanded:
"What do you want, Atlee? You haven't come out here just for a friendly talk, I know, so just spit out what you have

The officer's face changed color under this rough greeting. For Mark Hillary had been particularly hard upon several of Atlee's weak points, and a most bitte enmity had sprung up between them. But he quickly reg ined the usual malignant look which always marked his face when near Hillary, and, in the manner which his soul thought would be most aggravating to the rough iconoclast, re

"I'm sorry to come ou'cheer on such an errand, being as me and you used to such cronies; but an 'umble officer o the law must do his dooty, if it is unleasant. I've got here in my pocket a writ for you Mark Hillary, which bids ou come before the magistrate and ead guilty or not guilty to a charge of plasphemy, so I guess you'd better

lounge along with me."
"The church and the state keep up this nagging pretty well," was Hillary's re-joinder. "Wonder which one of my remarks touched the parson's flank this time." And he burst into a loud saugh that made the I ttle constable turn pale, as, perhaps, Hillary meant it to do. Throwing on his loose blouse, which

had been nanging upon the limb of a tree, Mark, with a brief "Come along," started for the village. This was not the figure the little man had been expecting to cut. He had been proud of his commission and had thought with elation of appearing upon the street of Sagnauck with his denemy following in submissive captivity. His peace of mind was not in creased by the cutting witticisms which Hillary fired at him continually, and which were all the more galling because the poor fellow felt his inferiority in not

being able to understand them all. Arriving at the Squire's house Hillary entered with no more ceremony than he would have entered the poorest cabin in the village, and with a hearty salutation to the Magistrate said:

The church must love me well to send for me in the midst of woodchopping. Seems as if I am about the most popular man in Sagnauck, at least you send for me oftener than any other. I'm readyfire away. The meeting's open." a glance at the minister, who squirmed in chair, and half rose intending to rebuke such lightness, but whom the Squire motioned to remain seated, Mark sat down.

The charge was read, in which it was stated with all due form, that Mark Hillary, of Sagnauck, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, had on several occasions offended the sacred laws of Sagnauck, his Majesty the King, broken the peace of Sagnauck, and done lasting injury to God's church by denying the power of God, denouncing His holy word, and indulging in his vicious propensity for sneering, and by ridiculing the holy men of old whose lives were given us for patterns of life.

"Mark Hillary," began the Squire, after the charge had been read, "you are here charged by the Rev. Henry Granville, first, with having stated openly that the ten commandments were not to be obeyed. What have you to say to the charge?"

"I never said exactly that," replied fillary. "But what I did say was that Hillary. "But what I did say was that where we are commanded to make no image of anything in heaven or on earth or under the earth, that it is not binding, because, if binding, you, Squire, must take down those pictures from your walls: and I also said that where we are told to observe the Sabbath day binding, or, if it is, we are all breaking God's law, for no one observes that day. Ve all keep Sunday, not Saturday. "Blasphemy!" ejaculated the Rev.

Henry Granville. "Again, you are charged with speaking lightly of the Holy Bible, the sacred book of God, and have not only ridiculed the holy men therein mentioned, but have denied that we are to be governed by those books known as the Old and New Testaments."

"Certainly, Squire. Was David such a saintly man that we should follow his example? Didn't he steal a man's farm and kill another to get his wife, when he already had a hundred or more? How many wives does Rev. Henry Granville think a man ought to have? And, as to that old book, I confess I care little for the first part of it, for it is only a history of the Jews, and I'm no Jew. Some parts of the New Testament are all right and some are not. Paul runs down, matrimony, and, while running it down, says he thinks he has the spirit of God. If he thought so, I don't. And, as for sending that slave back to the man who claimed to own him— I know you all believe in one man owning another, but I don't; and I don't believe that what Paul said then will hold good a hundred years from now. It may to-day, but that does

not make it right. "You hear him!" again interrupted the minister "his own words pear witness

against him."
"Again," continued the Squire, "you are charged with denying that the inspired words of our Lord, the New Testament, are to be the rule of our lives. "No, I never, for I read them every day.

What I did say was, that you worshiped the book instead of God. And I deny that God wrote it. Christ founded His Church and left His apostles to ran it." (Groans from the minister.) "They wrote to different churches according to the churches' needs. Some of them are good for us, some are not." "Lastly," said the squire, "I have here

what purports to be a poem, in your hand. Is it yours?" Yes: I see no reason for denying it,

quoth Hillary, after looking at the manu-In measured tones the minister then read the following:

GOD IS DEAD.

The God of ages, God of might and power,
The mystic, dread I AM, who through the past
Ruled all the universe, lay still in death.
The glorious symphony of earth and sky
Had ceased, and death-like silence reigned in

Had ceased, and death-like silence reigned in heaven.
In state the Monarch lay before the Throne;
His pall a shining cloud of light, so bright,
So ter ible that none dare turn his eyes
Upon the bier; and none dare lift the pall
And gave on that great One, whom men had
thought
Could never die.

Came slowly, lowly, sadly forth the deep
Majestic funeral march. The heavenly choir
Was mute. The sir its elf of heaven broke forth
And throbbed with low, sad dirges for its King.
Softly it came, mysterious chanting, such
As men or angels never heard before.

As men or angels never heard before.

He died. Through space confusion ruled
Around

Our earth the long pent storm of ages burst Its barriers and swept across its face.
Stout trees were bent. The very mountains

Before the storm. Loud peals of thunder rolled From pole to pole. The vivid lightning flashed, The sea was in a fury lashed, and waves, High as the heaven, broke upon the shore. The dead, who in their graves had slept arose, and in white garments, weird and wild, came forth.

forth
From every land and deepest oce-n depth,
And walked upon the earth. The souls of those
Long dead, whose bodies were corrupt, blew

here
And there before the storm with shricks and moans— Unearthly mists from heaven and hell—and

*C. God is dead!" in plaintive minor notes. The sad refrain which mingled with the chant Of white-robed, wandering dead, who walked the earth
And cried "that God, who was the king of souls
Was now no more."

All nature bowed before
The storm of ages, and all nations bowed
Before the storm which rent the soul—the storm Through all the eons feared, and which now it

Through all the considered, and which how a Had burst, through all eternity should roll. For God was dead. No power was there to stay The tempest, nor the wave of dark despair. E'en Satan, in the lowest depths of hell. That tempest feared, and bowed before the doom

That then approached him, for eternity, Even in hell, was now tenfold a curse. The power which hell's existence caused was gone. But in its place there sprang more direful powers, Which could not be controlled, and which could Control.

Control.

Then suns whirled into flaming suns;
Stars into stars; and earth and suns and stars
Were one in wildest chaos. Frightened men
And flitting souls, archangels, devils, saints
Fled here and there, and sought in vain for rest.
The soul was pierced—divided—and its shrieks
Were heard above the roar of storm and flood.
And heav'n was now no more, for heav'n it God
—And God was dead.
Loud cried a voice from near
The Throne! Swift passed a bier on wheels of
fire!

A fiash of light shone through all space, and God
Was borne to his last resting-place!
And over all the sea and darkness rolled.
Surrounding, guarding, holding down the mass
Which now flew on and on through space.

Having read the blasphemous verses. the minister sat down as if the case were ended. No questions were put to the accused, or he might have explained this last charge as easily as he had the former ones. The Squire and the minister consulted together for a few moments, and then, apparently more to please the minister than from a sense of justice, the former pronounced sentence according to the rigid laws of the Puritans. Hillary was uned the sum of £5 10s.
I won't pay it!" he exclaimed, and in

default was taken into custody by the constable. CHAPTER III.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER. I have said little as yet with regard to MRS. CLEVELAND.

frame. The minister was a young man, not yet forty years old, and had come to the settlement full of health with the CLEVER NEEDLEWOMAN. other colonists five years before. His family, when he removed to Sagnauck to become the pastor of the Puritan flock,

> RS. CLEVELAND is one of those women who like always to be busy with something which is to contrib-Whether she is at her official resi-

dence at Washington, or at Woodley, the pretty little summer home where the President lives when it is too warm to pass the days and nights in the city, or at Gray Gables, "the home by the sea," there are always scattered about where they can be easily picked up artistic bits of fancy work upon which the wife of the President busies herself at odd moments when she must entertain her husband's callers or wait for him to take a drive or go for the walk which is so necessary to the well-being of one laden with official cares.

anything very fine. It does not partake of the costly elegance of the tapestry which was recently designed for the needle of a Fifth avenue belle and which, when completed, will cost the outlining of a few large flowers

inviting subject.

Puritan he was to the core. Mediæval and mystical he was through and through. If he had not one mystical subject to study, he must secure another. So from Romanism he glided into witchcraft, and each was alike mystical

and unknown to him. And I do not blame him. In fact, if any careless words of mine, so far, have led the reader to believe that I am unfriendly to the Rev. Henry Granville, I wish he would disabuse himself of the idea at once. He is not my ideal of a man or of a minister, but he is my warped ideal of a Puritan student. wish I had lived when he did. I should have believed in witches and fairies with

the Rev. Henry Granville; in truth, have

only mentioned him and his emaciated

consisted of a wife and one child-a girl.

He had come to the new land in the first flush of youthful ambition—ambitious to do stern work for his stern God, and had at once thrown

himself into the arena, ready to combat Popery and witchcraft. Popery he had studied in the old country until he knew

it by heart. He could discourse fluently

against apostolic succession and the su-premacy of St. Peter; he had the subject

of indulgences down to a fine point, and could show up the infamy of Peter-

yclept, the Pope—in great style; he was also well versed in the ritual, and could

show the most prejudiced-for extempore

prayer—that the devil lurked in the prayer-book. As for bishops, priests, and deacons, he leveled them all at one fell

blow; for did not bishop and presbyter

mean the same in the new lestament, and was not a deacon a man set apart to

serve tables and look after the widows?

And when it came to candles and in-

cense, he had only but to ask where either

was commanded by Christ, and his opponent was silenced, or so he thought. It

is true that when he brought forward the

latter argument some of the weak or un-

godly ones asked where in the Bible he

found sanction for infant baptism, and

for women coming to communion; but he

But when he came to Sagnauck he

found another attractive subject for investigation. The mystery of Popery, and

candles, and incense had lost its charms

because he there met with no believers in the chair of St. Peter. Consequently

he had turned his study to the next most

passed them by as scoffers.

So, having found no more use for his philippics against poor St. Peter, long since dead, and his successor, the Pope, he turned the channel of his thoughts to the next mystical subject which was worrying the minds of men around him. He read with deep interest the weird stories of Cotton Mather and believed them all; and, in time, so thoroughly did he become imbued with them, that in enery stream he saw a nymph, in every a demon, and in every old woman the possibilities of a witch. He knew all the infallible signs by which one of these devil's own children could be detected, and, it was reported, had even been present on the occasion of the burning of one of them at Salem, all of which gave his word upon the subject much credence in the settlement.

But, it was not until he had come to Sagnauck that he had any personal ex-perience with these fearful emissaries of the evil one. Soon after he had settled in his new home, Mark Hillary had called upon him and the same day his daughter had gone into convulsions. Af-ter that first visit, Hillary, whose rough speech made no favorable impression upon the minister, seldom entered the parsonage. At first the minister thought little of the pioneersman in connection with the sudden nervous attack of his daughter, but as time passed, he le rned to look upon the former as a man who had sold himself to the evil one in excharge for that most infernal passion, power over his fellow-men. The minister saw that his child was of that peculiar temperament which made her sensitive to the influences of the unseen world. At first her experiences with regard t

Hillary had been general, but strange. She seldom mentioued his name or betrayed any fur of the man, but whenever he passed her upon the one village street or in the woods around the settlement she unconsciously shuddered. Once, gossip said, when Hillary unex-

pectedly came upon her and the minister as they were walking hand in hand along the bank of Samsuck Creek, she uttered a piercing shrick and fell down upon the grass, foaming at the mouth. At another time they came upon him

when he was gazing at the stout trees bowing before the wind, and was mutter-ing to himself as was his custom at such times. Achaah convulsively seized her father's hand and bade him hurry away. "For do you not see," she said, "he is making the trees bow to him." And the father believed that her sensitive nature had enabled her to detect an evil power which he could not

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAR SHIPS OF EUROPE.

England's Navy the Largest, Costing 892,000,000.

A British admiralty return has recently been presented which gives the naval strength of the various European countries in commission, reserve and building for the present year. As might be expected, Eng-land leads individually, but a coalition between any two of the other naval powers, i france were included, would practically take the mastery from England on account of the vastly greater proportion of commerce afloat she has to defend, as well as

numerous colonies all over the earth. England has a total of 325 vessels, exclud-ing torpedo boats. There are actually in commission 161, inclusive of twenty-four bat-tle ships, sixty cruisers, three coast-defence vessels and seventy-four other ships. The reserve consists of ten battle ships, fourteen coast defence, forty-six cruisers and forty-four other ships; while there are building or completing nine battle ships, nineteen cruis ers and twenty-two other vessels. The cold nies also have twenty war vessels in their own hands. France comes next to England, with a total of 221. In commission she has nineteen battle ships, five coast-defence ves sels, twenty-three cruisers and fifty other ships, excluding torpedo boats. The reserve consists of ninety vessels, and there are eight battle ships building, nineteen cruisers and seven other ships.

Germany has a total of eighty-six vessels. In commission she has eleven battle ships, fourteen cruisers and nineteen other ships; in reserve, thirty-one vessels and eleven building. Russia has 120 war ships, which, however, are mostly small, and Italy has ninety-three. France and Russia together have 341 vessels, France and Germany together (a most improbable fraternization), 307 and France and Italy 314. If France, Italy and Russia were to act together, there would be a fleet of 434 vessels. As is pointed out by the San Fran-cisco Call, the numerical superiority of Great Britain is, however, far from being actual on account of her commerce and possessions. In war-time the colonies would be a source of strength as far as coaling and refitting are concerned, but otherwise they would be a cause of anxiety, and especially those which are not like Australia, self-governing and practically independent.

The luxury of maintaining a great navy is naturally expensive, and England finds that her superiority costs about as much as the expenditures of France, Germany and Russia combined. The total for England is \$92, 404,580; for France, \$53,474,300; Germany \$23,977,850; Russia, \$25,200,694, and Italy Germany, France, Russia and 821.078.180. Italy have in addition a frightful army ex-penditure, and small as England's insular army is it is very nearly as costly as one on the continent, where every man of normal physique is required to serve at least from one to three years.

In the Henry Mountains, in southern Utah, is a mound covered with giant crystals. Per-fect prisms of selinite five feet long are found there.

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE IS

How She Makes the White House Homelike With Soft Cushions, Pretty Lampshades and Embroidery.

ute in some way to the comfort or beauty of her home.

Mrs. Cleveland's fancy work is never

clovers upon it, which she has outlined to bring them into prominence. and which seem to say "Good Luck" to the Mistress of the White House when her eyes fall upon them in moments of leisure.

of morning glories.

EFFECTIVE HYDRANGEAS.

Cleveland's favorite flower, and a vine

Another cushion has tiny four-leaf

shown to a friend just before she went But she is sly to an almost painful de-

to Gray Gables. It consisted of a gree about letting her deed be known,

glass top for a dresser, upon which even though the managers of fairs have

there were sketched pansies, Mr. often pointed out to her the very great

benefit which would result if she would

this Mrs. Cleveland will not do.

they came from her needle.

let the work be sold as her own. But

Last winter for a fair which was held

at Sherry's, New York, and which was

for the benefit of the poor children,

many lovely little tidies and embroid-

ered table scarfs and fine sofa cushions

were privately sold as Mrs. Cleveland's

work and brought large sums, because

The wife of the President of the

United States has less time for fancy

work, or diversion of any kind, than

does the wife of the ruler of any other

country. American independence de-

mands that the President's wife shall

be included in the President's public

life and shall fulfill many public duties.

ners and diplomatic entertainments

without number, to all of which the

President's wife must go or give a sat-isfactory reason for her non-attend-

ance. But it is pleasant to know that,

in the midst of so much gayety and

with so many calls upon her time, the

President's wife still retains enough of

that which is domestic and homelike

to snatch a few minutes from each day

for the use of so homely a little house

usta Prescott in Chicago Record.

hold implement as the needle. - Aug-

In Memory of Jay Gould.

The Gould Memorial Church, now

in course of erection at Roxbury, Del-

aware County, N. Y., is to be one of

the prettiest country churches in the entire State. It is being built by Miss

Helen Gould as a memorial of her

ather, Jay Gould. It will also con-

tain an exceedingly handsome rose window in honor of Mrs. Gould.

The members of the Gould tamily

have always owned much land and

other property at Roxbury, and have taken deep interest in the affairs of the

little town. So when the Roxbury Presbyterian Church, of which the

Rev. N. H. Demarest is pastor, was burned down last spring, Miss Gould

decided to replace it with another

named in honor of her father. The

matter was placed in the hands of H.

J. Hardenberg, architect, who designed the building and prepared the

plans for it. The cornerstone was laid

on September 2d. The church is 108

feet long by eighty-three feet wide. It is to be of St. Lawrence marble,

rough faced. The plan is cruciform,

consisting of a nave thirty feet wide

and ninety feet deep, constituting the

body of the church; two transepts, each twenty-five feet wide, and a semi-

octagonal apse. Over the intersection

of the nave and transepts rises a tower

eighty feet high. This rests on four

arches of limestone, which rise from

the tops of four strong pillars of carved

GOULD MEMORIAL CHURCH.

tem of openwork oaken trusses, pro-

Externally the architecture is of the

English Gothic style. The windows

are neither so narrow and pointed nor

the details so elaborate as in the latter

jambs of the doors and windows, and

on the stone copings of the roof gables,

ducing a beautiful effect.

There are receptions, "days," din-

A rather elaborate lamp shade is also among Mrs. Cleveland's showpieces of work. It consists of pink and green and white hydrangess, firmly fastened upon a frame of wire covered with pink silk. Around the edge there hangs a deep fringe of lace of very fine pattern. The hydrangeas are of paper, but they are very delicately put together and more than effective in the showy corner, which has been selected for a standing place for

the lamp. It is said that Mrs. Cleveland used to do a great deal of embroidery upon her own gowns, and that she even worked the wreath of orange blossoms and leaves that bordered the train of her wedding gown. However this may be, it is certain that she can do very fine embroidery, although she seldom now has the time for anything so elaborate as this.

One of the prettiest things she has done of late in the embroidery line is



MRS. CLEVELAND IN HER WINDOW SEAT

something like \$5000. Nor is it a mad upon the lapels of a morning gown expenditure of time or labor, like the The gown is of light blue silk and the pieced coverlids with 20,000 different "blocks" in them, nor the crocheted flowers are a variety of the white lotus, things of terrific color and endless labor.

Mrs. Cleveland's pick-up work is always something simple and very often it is for direct and practical use, like the fitting out of the little luncheon table in the nursery, or trimming of the big chairs, which the President fancies and into which he loves to sink of paragraphers, are outlined in white when there is time for a few minutes silk down each side of the front, in rest at home.

AN ARTISTIC CHAIR-BACK.

One of the prettiest pieces of work which Mrs. Cleveland has done since her return to Washington last March is a chair-back for one of the old-time sleepy-hollow chairs in which the White House abounds. The chair it- have been done since her marriage. self was an old gray color which might But of late Mrs. Cleveland has found have once been red, but which had the growing cares of her little family stonework visible inside the church faded and grown worn. But the President found it comfortable, so Mrs. Cleveland set to work to make it

pretty, The first thing she did was to commission a friend to get her a large square of the stuff known as "shaded denim," which comes in pretty tones of blue, yellow and rose. The friend selected rose, and then had it marked with a simple pattern of pink flowers. This, with many shades of red silk. was sent to Washington to grow into beauty under the deft fingers of the pretty mistress of the White House. When the pattern was all done the square was lined with silk to give it firmness, and was finished with a cord of pink silk.

A cover like this did wonders for a faded chair and reduced all to a harmony of tint which easily passed for

studied color. The New York craze for fine linen, stitched or drawn or embroidered, has spread to Washington and is shared by Mrs. Cleveland, who has almost a passion for every little nicety in linen, whether it be a doily for the table, a cover for a toilet stand or one of the little round mats which are now placed under bottles of cologne, combs

and brushes and silver pin-trays.

PIGURED WITH VIOLETS. One set of these little round mats just completed is called a violet set. Mrs. Cleveland made it while she was at Woodley. There are only three mats in the set and these are perfectly round—as round as a sugar box—and about eight inches across. All around the edges of the mats there are violets embroidered and outside of the violets there is a little fringe of the linen. The design is an old-fashioned one, as if a string of violets had chased each other round the edge of the cloth. There is no attempt at grouping.

These little mats were all ironed on the wrong side and were made washable by being shrunk before the work



ONE OF MRS. CLEVELAND'S PATTERNS.

Like the late Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Cleveland works a little in oils, but like the Princess May, she is backward about showing her handiwork, and most of the products of her brush are kept hidden in the boudoir into which few people are invited to penetrate. A pretty little bit of her painting was great deal of work for charity fairs.

lapels are of rich carnival velvet. The done in rather bold fashion. Many of Miss Ruth's dresses are

and clustered limestone columns. stitched around the hem of the skirt These arches and columns are the only in bright and pretty wash colors. And the stitching is almost always done by Mrs. Cleveland herself, while the cloaks which Miss Ruth wears and which have so often enticed the pen big, careless flowers, which are not only the work but the design of her

pretty mamma. A panel for a lamp-shade, a small landscape scene for a chair back and several tiles for the dressing-table, are among the pretty little things which too absorbing to permit of much work above the floor. The aisles are paved so particular as brush work, and so with tiles, and the chancel with moshe has worked with the needle when saic. Everything else is of oak. The the demands upon her made pick-up roof of the nave is supported by a sysfancy work possible.

HER SOFA CUSHIONS. There is one variety of fancy work of which Mrs. Cleveland's friends say she is particularly fond. And that is

the embroidering of sofa cushions. and more florid types. Except at the In the White House there are many large windows, with deep window seats, and these Mrs. Cleveland has

the stone is rough-faced. The jambs dressed into luxury by piling sofa and copings are smooth. The ridge of the nave is forty feet above the ground, and the square tower of the intersection rises forty feet above this. The tower is flat-topped, and battlemented strong and imposing in its chaste simplicity. The roofs of the nave and trancepts are covered with slates, black in color. The gutter, finials and roof trimmiugs are all of bright copper. Two large and handsome stainedglass windows in the chancel will picture the story of the Resurrection. A

MRS. CLEVELAND'S LAMP.

cushions upon them and cushioning

the seats, until they are as comfort-

Like many of the artists who have

apartments in the studio buildings in

New York, Mrs. Cleveland chooses for

sofa cushions fancy silks of all kinds,

and makes them fine by bringing out

the figures in the silks until they look

One of her cushions recently com-

pleted she calls her "Irish cushion."

It is of rich green silk with yellow

harps, thin outlines wrought in red

silk. Around the edge there is a broad

puffing of light green velvet. The

Irish cushion is admired by every-

body and is Mrs. Cleveland's favorite

as it lies tossed into roundness in one

of the sunniest windows of the White

Another cushion is all bright red.

Mrs. Cleveland's part in making it con-

sisted merely in sewing the red cover

upon the cushion and in placing it

where it would show to the best possi-

ble advantage with a background of

FANCY WORK FOR CHARITY.

It is said that Mrs. Cleveland does a

overhanging palms and ferns.

able as possible.

like richest brocades.

House.

number of the best designers have been requested to submit designs for the window in memory of Mrs. Gould. The most appropriate of these will be selected. The entrance to the church is in front. The entrance is large and well ventilated. It is to be finished in as

good a style as the church proper, so that it can be used as a meeting room if needed. In one part of it boilers and a furnace are placed to furnish the steam with which the building is

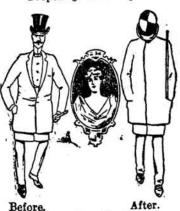
heated. The entire cost of the church will be in the neighborhood of \$100,000.-New York Tribune.

The Surest Way.

The great wealth of many Americans was acquired by the closest economy. Most people seem to prefer the rapid method, such as speculating, some with other people's money. But the slower process of economy, industry and steady application is the surest. Boston Journal.

The first known dictionary was of the Chinese language, contained 40,000. characters and was compiled by Pa-Out-She, B. C., 1100.

Proposing to Penelope.



After.

-New York Ledger.